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TINK AND TUTTLES



THE
THREE WHITE KITTENS

NEW YORK. SHELDON & CO.

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Air—"Three Little Kittens."



TINY and Tittens were two little kittens,
As soft and white as the snow,
Who went to play, on a bright summer day,
Where ripe red cherries do grow.

The play was begun in mirth and in fun,
But Tittens soon tired of that ;
The cross young rover knocked Tiny over,
And snarled like a tiger-cat !

How naughty was this, with a growl and a hiss,
To spoil so happy a play !
With kittens or boys, 'tis temper destroys,
And takes all pleasure away.

And take all pleasure away
With kisses or bites, its tender deities
To spoil no paper's play
How greatly was this with a crowd and a hiss
And counted like a thing of gold
The cross young eyes looked that over
But there's something of that
The play was better in truth and in tone
Where the red curtain drew
We went to play on a bright summer day
It was not long before the show
And there it was, the two little boys
At the end of the line





Air—"Lilla's a Lady."

OH! why do you nibble away at the cake?
'Twas never intended for kitten to take;
"Beware," cried the cat,
"How you meddle with that,
So scamper, scamper, scamper away!"


Then Tiny obeyed her old mother the cat,
But Tittens, the rogue, was too greedy for that;
He liked the sweet crumbs,
With the raisins and plums,
So nibbled, nibbled, nibbled away!

But, oh! was he not in a terrible fright,
When Susan, the kitchen-maid, came with a light!
And did not he wish
He'd ne'er tasted the dish,
When beaten, beaten, beaten away!





Air—" Garry Owen."

H! Tittens, he fancied to dine off the fish
That floated about in their elegant dish,
And often he eyed with a covetous wish
The prettiest one in the water,
All skimming, swimming, sliding, gliding,
Little fins her movements guiding,
Upwards now, then downwards riding,—
Oh! if he could but have caught her!

So Tittens one day tried to catch at a fin,
When sudden the kitten went floundering in,
All struggling and kicking, and drenched to the skin,
His head and his shoulders right over!
Tail lashing, splashing, soaking, choking,
Was ever accident so provoking!
Till his mistress, laughing, joking,
Pulled out the poor little rover!







Air—"Off, off, said the Stranger."



"Off! off!" cried the lady,

"Off, off and away!

Go search the house for rat or mouse,

My bird shall not be your prey!

"I heard a sudden fluttering,

I heard a sudden fall;

For little Tit's bound had knocked to the ground

Flower-pot, flower and all!

"I flew to save my darling,

The dreaded foe in view,—

Oh! never fear, my birdie dear,

No kitten shall dine upon you!

"Off! off!" cried the lady,

"Off, off and away!

Go search the house for rat or mouse,

My bird shall not be your prey!"





Air—"Roast Beef of Old England."

TITTENS growled over a ducking he'd had ;
Tit he complained that the weather was bad :
Up started Tiny with, "Never be sad ;
Let's have a see-saw together,
Together how merry we'll be !

"You in your corner, all shivering and wet,
The longer you stay there the more you will fret :
Jumping will warm you and make you forget ;
Let's have a see-saw together,
Together how merry we'll be !

"Tit, though the shower may heavily fall,
We can be happy in spite of it all."
Tittens and Tit they sprang up at the call,
Gaily they gambolled together,
As merry as merry could be.



Air—"Hokey Pokey."

"**E**AR! oh, dear! a dog is near!"
Cried Tittens, ready to die with fear;
 "One scratch of his claw,
 One gripe of his paw,
Would finish us off in a minute!"
Then Tit he trembled, and Tiny too,
As if a lion had come in view;
 When a mastiff tall
 Entered the hall,
And looked around like the lord of all.
 "Oh! will not he bite?" cried she,—
 "Oh! will not he fight?" cried he.
"If fight must be," said Tiny, "we
Will not be the first to begin it!"
But the noble mastiff, brave and strong,
Would not do a feeble kitten wrong.
 'Tis cowards seek
 To hurt the weak;
He would not have worried a linnet!



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